

The Note

by Rb

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Summary: Todd's life is torn apart by his knowledge. Will it ever heal?

The Note

I don't want to burden this down with a ton of notes, so I'll make this short. Todd is NOT my character. Any spelling errors made in here were made on purpose. That should have been obvious, but hey, this was written in the morning as a one-shot, and I figured my spellchecker would have broken from this fic. A little slight profanity. I doubt anyone who has read any of my other fics would be really upset.

>
 ::rereads over the A/N:: Man, it sounds like I wrote a parody of New Animorph fics. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It's a short, sweet, one-shot. Inspired by thinking about #16. ::shuts up::

>

>
 Cassie was idly channel-surfing. Slow moments like this made her antsy, now. She was getting used to adrenaline pumping through her veins. She flipped to the news.

>
 "And in other news, police are still having problems locating the missing boy..." chattered the news reporter.

>
 The camera focused on a picture of a small boy, looking lonely and sad.

>
 Cassie gasped and turned off the television. She didn't hear his name. She didn't need to.

>

>
 A father sat in a room, reading over his son's last letter to him. His son had left a week ago. Tears were running down his cheeks.

>

>

> My name iz Todd.

> Wat do I say? I'm 9. I have a puppy. My dad is eval.

> I know hes eval, cos he used to be normal. Then he got way too nice. Sugar-sweet. Scary.

> My dads a teecher for the local middle school. He teaches scince. He used to be normal. Then Mom dyed, and he went completely syko for a few weeks. Then, like he changed. He became so sweet, it scares me.

> Hes been mentioning The Sharing lately. It sounds weird. Freeky. Like a place for a bunch of eval sykos. Witch it is.

> Im sorry if this sounds bad. Im only nine, and my English teachers gonna have a fit. Wood have a fit. Im writing this in pen, with no eraser, and I hate crossing things out. Im not that good of a speller, either. I cant stop, tho. Ive gotta right about wat happened.

> See, after my dad bugd me for so long, I deciddd to check it out on the net. Last weak. My SN is Gump8293, if anyone wanst to email me. I use WAA, but i have strict parental contruls. no IMs. I waz talking to a guy named YrkH8ter, I think, and he told me about the yeerks. Their eval slugs that take over your brain.

> He showd me to a website about yeerks. I askd the peeps in the chatroom about how my dad mite be a yeerk. I asked YrkH8ter, and he told me to talk to dad. But the other people in the chat said that was wrong, do i did nothing. I hate mysev for that.

> dad got more into the yeerks, and i couldn't do anything at all. i feel awful, like its my fault that this is happening. Waz I not a good enough sun? Was it Dads fault for loving mom so much?

> Yestarday, at recess, a wolf came up to me. I wasnt scared. If my dad can be a eval yeerk, a wolf can be my friend. it told me to not go back in the chatroom. not to tell my dad that i know anything. Not to trust my dad anymor.

> I cant do that, tho. I cant no wat my dad is, and not do anithing. Im running away. were, i dont know yet. maybe to my aunt. she lives...i cant say. Ive gotta go. I jus...I jus wantd my dad, if he ever can, to no that i love him anyway. I dont care if he is a eval yeerk, my reel dad is grate and i love him. ill leave this in my room, so if dad ever looks in here hell see this. dad, remember when you were happy and mom wasnt dyed and i was little and you pikkd me up on your showldrs? i remember that. i lovd when you did that to me. i jus wanna say...i'm sorry now.

> love,
 Todd Tidwell
>

>
 The real Mr. Tidwell, and the Yeerk, were both crying at this.

>
 < Damn you, Yeerk. You cost my son. Damn you. >
>
 The Yeerk made no reply.
>

Fin.

End
file.